In the maine battell,whose puissance on eyther side
Shall be well winged with our chiefest Horse ?
This,and Saint *George* to boote, what thinkest thou not.
Nor. A good direction warlike Soueraigne, *He sheweth*
This found I one my Tent this morning. *him a paper.*
Iockey of Norfolke,be not to bold,
For Dickon thy master is bought and sold.
King. A thing deuised by the enemy,
Goe Gentlemen euery man vnto his charge,
Let not our babling dreames affright our soules,
Conscience is a word that cowards vse,
Deuisde at first to keepe the strong in awe,
Our strong armes be our conscience, our swords our law.
March on, ioyne brauely, let vs to it pell mell,
If not to Heauen, then hand in hand to Hell, *His Oration*
What shall I say more then I haue inferd, *to his Army.*
Remember who you are in cope withall,
A sort of Vagabonds, Rascols,and run-awayes,
A scum of *Brittaines*, and base Iackey Pesants,
Whom their ore cloyed Country vomits forth
To desperate aduentures and assur'd destruction,
You sleeping safe they bring you to vnrest :
You hauing lands,and blest with beautious wiues,
They would restraine the one,distaine the other,
And who doth lead them but a paltry fellow ?
Long kept in *Brittaine* at our mothers cost,
A milke-sop one that neuer in his life
Felt so much cold as ouer shooes in Snow :
Lets whip these straglers ore the Seas againe,
Lash hence these ouerweening rags of *France*,
These famisht beggers weary of their liues.
VVho but for dreaming on this fond exploit,
For want of meanes poore rats had hang'd themselues:
If we be conquered let men conquer vs,
And not these bastard *Brittaines* whom our fathers
Haue in their owne land beaten,bob'd and thumpt,
And on record left them the heires of shame.
Shall these enioy our land, lie with our wiues ?
Rauish our daughters,harke I heare there Drum,
Fight

Fight Gentlemen of *England* fight boldly Ye
Draw Archers, draw your Arrowes to the h
Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in blo
Amaze the welking with your broken staues
What sayes Lord *Stanley* will he bring his po
Mes. My Lord he doth deny to come.
Kin. Off with his sonne *Georges* head.
Nor. My Lord, the Enemy is past the mars
After the battell let *George Stanley* dye.
Kin. A thousand hearts are great within m
Aduance our standards, set vpon our foes,
Our ancient word of courage faire Saint *Ge*
Inspire vs with the spleene of fiery Dragons,
Vpon them,victory sits on our helmes.
Alarum excursions. Enter Catesby.
*Cat.*Rescew my Lord of *Norfolke*,rescew,re
The King enacts more wonders then a man,
Daring and opposite to euery danger,
His horse is slaine,and all on foote he fights
Seeking for R*ichmond* in the throat of deat
Rescew faire Lord, or else the day is lost.
Kin. A horse,a horse,my Kingdome for a h
Cat. Withdraw my *Lord*, ile helpe you to
Kin. Slaue I haue set my life vpon a cast,
And I will stand the hazzard of the die,
I thinke there be sixe R*ichmonds* in the field
Fiue haue I slaine to day instead of him.
A horse, a horse, my Kingdome for a horse,
Alarum. Enter Richard & Richmond,they fi
slaine,then retrait being sounded. Enter Ri
bearing the Crowne,with other Lords.
R*ich.* God and your armes be praysed vict
The day is ours,the bloody dog is dead.
Dar. Couragious *Richmond*, well hast tho
Loe here this long vsurped royalties,
From the dead temples of this bloudy wretc
Haue I pluckt off to grace thy browes witha
Weare it, and make much of it.
R*ich.* Great God of Heauen say Amen t
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